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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
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A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE CONGO COMES TO NEW YORK

THE MURDER of Patrice Lumumba was a tragedy in more ways than one. First of all, no matter what else is said about him, the man himself, with his strange moods and uncertain ambitions, had come to be recognized as a gifted leader of his people. More than that, he had become a symbol of freedom to them, to other Africans and, indeed, to great numbers of Negroes and whites all over the world. It would seem impossible not to feel shock and regret that this man and two of his aides should be so cruelly slaughtered, although some American newspapers reacted to the murder with brutal—and, we think, shameful—satisfaction.

In addition, the murder of Lumumba removed what many observers had finally come to think was the best hope of peace and stability in the Congo: the establishment of a broad, loosely-structured federal government, which would provide representation for the Lumumba faction as well as those now in control. Such an arrangement may still be possible, but the killing of Lumumba, and under dubious circumstances, while he was in the hands of his political enemies, opens the way for inter-faction violence and reprisals.

Then there is the fact that the killing furnished the Soviet Union with a made-to-order weapon in its propaganda campaign against the "Western imperialists" and against U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold as their "blood-stained" agent. Already it seems clear that the U.S.S.R. will try to use this political murder to simultaneously drive the West out of the Congo, establish its own footholds there and, not least, cripple the U.N. by destroying both Mr. Hammarskjold and his office.

Lastly, quite apart from Communist propagandizing, the murder of Lumumba may set off a calamitous explosion of African nationalism and black racism. Even if a chain-reaction of this sort is averted, all those nations which can be tainted with the brush of present or past colonialism and white supremacy will find their relations with the emergent nations of Africa filled with suspicion and hostility.

THE RECENT riots at U.N. headquarters in New York furnish some useful insights into this question of Negro-white relationship. Immediately after Ambassador Stevenson's speech had been broken off by the eruption of violence in the U.N. gallery, it was reported that "United States officials, who declined to let themselves be identified" asserted that the riots had been provoked by Communist agitators. Actually, said these unnamed officials, the outburst in New York was only part of an organized, world-wide Communist stratagem. Many, if not most, U.S. commentators went along with this "Communist conspiracy" explanation.

In fact, however, everything we can learn about the U.N. riot indicates very little evidence to support such a theory and considerable evidence to contradict it. There is no doubt that the demonstrations were to some degree organized, that the slogans which were shouted paralleled the Soviet line, even that the demonstrators revealed unmistakable and fierce anti-U.S. feelings. But it is incorrect, and dangerously self-deceptive, to think that these factors automatically add up to Communism.

Most of the rioters were American Negroes, largely from the New York area, it seems. They were members of various Negro organizations which are passionately interested in Africa and the cause of freedom for Negroes in that continent and everywhere. Some of them were apparently members of the Moslem Brotherhood, a belligerently pro-African, even anti-white, group. Some of these Negroes

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are clearly left-wingers; some may fairly be called extremists; some are downright racists. And yet they are Americans.

It is easy to blame Communism for an outburst like this, easy to pretend that it is unthinkable for Americans to demonstrate against their government except when they are traitors in the pay of a foreign power. It is, on the other hand, hard to accept the fact there are Americans who despise the democratic claims of their country, hard to accept the fact that there are Negro Americans so bitter and angry that their resentment can easily spill over into violence. Yet these things are true, and it will be better for us if we do not deny them.

The overwhelming majority of Negroes in America do not, of course, subscribe to the beliefs of the few who made the headlines in New York. This has been made clear by the immediate response of the Negro community to the riot, and it has been made clear over and over again by the American Negro's extraordinary record of patience, understanding and patriotism. And even in Africa, great numbers of the people have responded to the pressures of racism and anti-colonialism with a maturity and self-control which, under the circumstances, must win respect and admiration. The eleven Afro-Asian nations on the U.N. Conciliation Commission, even the neutralist leaders, even the spokesmen for the warring factions in the Congo itself, have reacted to the slaying of Lumumba with remarkable restraint.

But if there is hope, there is also great danger. For what is happening now amounts to a bitter harvest of the evil seeds of racism. The evil that was sown will have to be reaped; the ordeal must be faced, and dealt with, with all the virtues we can summon. And if we are to have any chance of meeting the crisis successfully, it would seem that first of all we must have truth.

NEXT WEEK

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON discusses the seizure by Portuguese rebels of the Santa Maria:

"One does not overthrow a regime merely by seizing a ship. The seizure was the imaginative and rather quixotic act of a swashbuckling character, earnest enough in his zeal to topple a dictatorship, but disposed by vocation and avocation to dramatic gestures. But the incident was symbolic of a growing discontent with Salazar."

GERMANY'S NEW STANCE

EVER SINCE last summer our government has been trying to persuade West Germany of the seriousness of America's balance-of-payments problem. It has encountered the most stubborn opposition. The Germans have proved singularly unwilling to make the requested higher contributions for NATO defense costs and aid to the underdeveloped lands. The best Bonn offered in response was a large prepayment on its long-term debt to the United States and "hard" loans to these new countries. It refused to recognize the drain on America's gold supply and our balance-of-payments problem as anything but temporary phenomena, subject to change. This proved especially disheartening at a time when Germany was amassing a two billion dollar gold payments surplus. It engendered the feeling that despite all the Marshall Plan had contributed to Germany's postwar prosperity, Bonn was unwilling to do its share.

For the Kennedy Administration to have effected a German change of heart therefore represents a considerable achievement. After an hour's meeting between the President and Foreign Minister Von Brentano the Germans offered a much more adequate solution. They acknowledged the long-term character of America's balance-of-payments problem—and the need of annual foreign aid subventions on their part. Accordingly they promised a billion dollars annually in grants for technical assistance and loans for foreign aid. Once this year's elections are over they will make annual budgetary provision for such foreign aid. They are now committed to fostering a sound balance in the free world's economies. All this is not only cogent testimony as to the Kennedy Administration's potentialities in foreign policy but a heartening indication of West Germany's dedication to our common task as well.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT

EVEN THE hurried visitor to Washington reports that the feeling of change, of urgency, is everywhere evident—well, not quite everywhere. There is real activity in the White House. There are high-level conferences, memos to Congress, statements of immediate problems, important visitors and major appointments. None of these items is lightly to be dismissed. Before important decisions are made, this groundwork is necessary. But this groundwork does give the impression that great

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changes are taking place rather than simply being prepared for.

Meanwhile, back at the Congress, the pace seems as relaxed as ever. While a grudging admission was wrung from the Republican leaders of House and Senate that we were, indeed, in a recession, they saw little reason for hurry. "We do not believe," said Senator Dirksen, "this is the time to push the panic button." Such a reaction—or overreaction—is shared not only by other Republican leaders but by conservative Democrats as well.

This difference between this feeling of Executive activity and Congressional lethargy proves what has already had historic confirmation: Congress can largely determine its own working conditions. It can slow down or even halt action that is called for by very powerful voices outside. That is, it can do so within certain limits. A President who is swept into office by an overwhelming majority is a force that is hard to oppose. And an aroused citizenry can do much to cut short what it regards as academic debate when it feels a sense of crisis or urgency.

Now that Congress has recovered from, or at least gone beyond, its traditional opening weeks of near inertia, the opposition between the President's program and its formidable critics is certain to become more acute. President Kennedy has called for legislation on a wide range of domestic problems. The first clear-cut battles are shaping up. Now it may be that some of the problems involved will solve themselves. For example, a shift in the economy either way, a decline or an increase in unemployment, would help determine public and Congressional response, and a *sharp* change would almost determine the success or failure of several proposed bills.

Apart from such shifts, however, what can the President do? He can exert the great pressure of his office—patronage, moral authority and public statement. President Kennedy has already shown that he knows how to exert such pressure, and when. There is little doubt, further, that the President's popularity has increased during his brief weeks in office.

Much of this change has resulted from Mr. Kennedy's increased exposure which allows his impressive qualities to become better known. The Presidential press conferences have been of real importance here. For all their faults, they do allow Mr. Kennedy to present his views, to inform *and* persuade. If he can overcome the handicaps inherent in the present set-up—the trivial and foolish questions, arbitrarily ended sessions of one-half hour, the cold formality of the great conference room—the nation may yet see an aroused citizenry backing a concerned President and a Congress that will follow his lead.

PUBLIC LAND POLICY

ALL SORTS of people have profited from America's public lands. While fertile tracts were still available in the West, a homesteader could secure one hundred and sixty acres for only a nominal fee after five years' residence on his claim. The railroads were enriched by sales of huge acreages originally granted them to encourage the spanning of the continent. Land-grant colleges also realized considerable sums from tracts given to foster the establishment of centers of higher learning in this country. In any event the good land was taken up at such a rate that in recent years the kind of homesteading cited above was possible only in Alaska.

Public land policy has oscillated widely over the years. Laxness toward excessive private exploitation has been brought up short periodically, notably in the Administrations of Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin Roosevelt. Over long intervals the American public has manifested little concern over the public domain. The Government does lease out land for grazing, mining and lumbering, but much of this domain is simply barren, in the uplands and without water resources. Because of its remoteness and unsuitability for cultivation, this remnant has been attracting a curious type of land speculator who confines himself to finding the tract, collecting his fee and filing his client's application, which the Government after long delay may reject outright. In recent years thousands of citizens in the Southwest and elsewhere have paid such a fee and now have nothing to show for it.

Secretary of the Interior Udall's declaration of an eighteen-months moratorium on new applications for public lands aims to put a stop to this abuse. But it has a far wider objective. It is the first step toward the drawing up of new outlines for the utilization of this country's public lands in a way that will relate our public land policy to the conservation of our vital natural resources. It is also a welcome step toward conducting the public domain in the light of the nation's foreseeable needs in the way of airports, sites for transmission lines, urban development, water power, recreation areas and the rest. Clearly it is high time for a new public land policy.

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A QUESTION OF JUSTICE

THE REACTION of United States newspapers to the selection of Archbishop Joseph Ritter as the sixth American Cardinal was interesting. Normally, newspaper speculation about why Rome did this or that must be heavily discounted. This time, though, I think there may be something to it.

What the papers seized on was the new Cardinal's position on the race question. As Archbishop of St. Louis, Cardinal Ritter took a firm stand on the side of interracial justice. In 1947, years before the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the public schools, he made it plain that the Catholic schools in St. Louis were to be integrated. And when some of the faithful showed themselves unwilling to follow his direction in this matter, the Archbishop did not let himself be turned aside.

When Rome announced that Archbishop Ritter would be elevated to the College of Cardinals, then, newsmen saw this as one more in a series of steps by which the Vatican was striving to show where the Church stood on the subject of race. The fact of the matter, I think, is that the Archbishop of St. Louis would have been a logical choice in any case. But with that much of a reservation it is undoubtedly true that the Vatican was pleased with the newly elevated Cardinal's firm stand on interracial justice.

Things are looking up on this score, I think. The basic Catholic position on the question, of course, has always been clear. Catholicism and racism are incompatible; the theory that one race is innately inferior or innately superior cannot be reconciled with Catholic thought. Of this there has never been any doubt. But there is also no doubt that Catholic teaching often tended to remain comfortably abstract. Many, perhaps most, American Catholics failed to make the connection between it and the actual pattern of injustice in which the Negro found himself.

Perhaps I am being overly optimistic, but I am inclined to think that those days are either gone or going fast. I don't mean that the battle for interracial justice is won, or anywhere near it. But to some extent at least what might be called the burden of proof has shifted from those who attack racial discrimination to those who would deny or defend it. It seems to me that Rome and an increasing number of American Bishops are unwilling to see Catholic teaching in this matter remain safely theoretical. And if I am right in this, those who want to say "Yes, but . . . " on the race question are going to have an increasingly difficult time trying to justify their position.

In Chicago, for example, a city which has seen considerable racial tension, Cardinal Meyer recently called on the priests of the Archdiocese to intensify their efforts for full integration of Negro Catholics into "the complete life of the Church." And lest anyone be tempted to reduce this to the level of platitude, the Cardinal specified that this meant the elimination of discrimination in Catholic schools, hospitals, fraternal and parish organizations—all sore spots in the past—as well as in parish churches. Catholic priests, the Cardinal said, should form rather than follow public opinion in this matter—a good point in a decade when the Supreme Court has sometimes seemed more unequivocal in its pronouncements than churchmen.

In much the same vein, the board of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice a few weeks ago urged Catholics in New Orleans to take the lead in breaking the white boycott of the newly integrated public schools. This in New Orleans, mind you, where a well-known Catholic layman leads the forces of segregation and where Catholics in some parishes have actively organized to fight Archbishop Rummel's efforts to integrate the Catholic schools.

On this last point, the National Catholic Conference termed itself "shocked and saddened" that some Catholic laymen "should go so far as to defy and revile their appointed Church authorities." These are sentiments I share, although I wish more had been done, North and South, to form Catholic consciences on this question before matters reached the crisis stage. I wonder, though, what the Bishops feel when they hear of such refusals to follow episcopal direction.

There is no secret about the fact that in the past Catholics who pressed for a firm stand on such matters as interracial justice, priests and laymen alike, often got the cold shoulder. They were regarded as radicals or, heaven help us, as "extremists"; indeed, in some places they still are. In no case that I know of, though, did they then go out and "defy and revile" their Bishop. In fact, offhand I can think of only three cases in recent years when Catholics refused to recognize the authority of their Bishop or endeavoured to organize others to defy him. In each instance, those who refused to obey were not the "liberals" or "radicals" Bishops seem disposed to worry about, but the deep-dyed conservatives.

I would not want to push the argument too far. I don't mean to suggest that those Catholics I agree with have always been right and everyone else wrong. But to me the record does indicate that the Catholic "radical" of yesterday was not so radical as he was thought and that he was right a good part of the time I don't see how this can be dismissed as completely without significance. JAMES O'GARA.

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The Technology of War

Like gunpowder in another age, nuclear weapons must have the ultimate result of making the small the equal of the great

by EDMUND STILLMAN and WILLIAM PFAFF

IT IS NOT surprising that the initial effect of nuclear weaponry on the imagination of mankind was to increase the glamour of the great nations possessing nuclear resources. And the megalomania of the great powers was flattered, for these weapons seemed suitable possessions only for the great; there came to be accepted, on a false analogy, a spurious relationship between the atomic arsenal—the size of the potential "bang"—and conventional power and wealth of the giant states. But the analogy was more than false; in its influence on foreign policy, ours and the Russians', it was pernicious. It induced a conviction of uniqueness that reinforced our own sense of ultimate political destiny.

It is true that the first atomic explosion at Alamogordo was an immense achievement, possible only after the expenditure of more than two billion dollars (in then current prices) and the organization of huge numbers of researchers and scientists. For the Russians, their first atomic explosion in 1949 was an achievement of similar scale. But since then the technique has grown comparatively simpler, the sums of money to be expended smaller, the time lag between the invention of nuclear and thermonuclear devices shorter. In this sense, the progression from American nuclear monopoly, to Soviet-American duopoly, to an ultimate general understanding of the technology of atomic warfare through the world, is only a single instance, though a most convenient symbol, of the course of political affairs since 1945.

Actually the discovery of atomic weapons was prejudicial to the long-range interests of Russia and America. No more than the United States required the Hiroshima bomb to beat down Japanese resistance in the closing days of the second World War did the two great powers require these weapons, added to their already overpowering arsenals, to dominate the postwar world. But for the minor states nuclear arms are a revolutionary weapon. For like gunpowder in another age, nuclear weapons must have the ultimate result of making the small the equal of the great.

THE ANALOGY to gunpowder is worth exploring; for if nuclear weapons are different in kind from anything that has gone before, it is equally true that gunpowder, introduced into Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, turned upside down the familiar rules and strategies of war. And for very much the same reason—the ability to wage war with cannon and musket was independent of the traditional sources of military power which had obtained in the preceding age; and the weapons themselves negated the advantages, chiefly defensive, which traditional wealth and power had placed at the disposal of an elite.

The cumbersome and costly panoply of feudal war had rested essentially on an agrarian base; the rise of the mounted warrior in armor, the *cataphractos,* had coincided with the decline of international commerce and the urban trading centers. To control land was therefore to wield power. The self-sufficient feudal manor was an adequate arsenal for feudal war: the manorial system produced the necessary surplus to feed and equip the baron's men-at-arms; its simple technology was sufficient to produce arms and armor. Thus it was not the feudal baron—or his distant prince, who exercised merely a shadowy authority—who needed gunpowder to maintain social status or hold his serfs in subjugation. Behind his earthenwork, and later stone, *motte,* the baron was supreme.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries were the floodtide of the old military system: the barons counted for everything, the villeins, and later the rabble of the towns, for nothing. When the villeins went to war, it

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was with bill and pruning hook, and their fate was to be slaughtered. But all this was soon to change.

The introduction of cannon and musket raised military power to a new pitch; but to whose advantage? Not to the advantage of the baron, surely, for the new technology of war was not an agrarian technology; it demanded skills beyond the simple arts of the manorial smithy, nor were the raw materials needed for the manufacture of black powder always ready to hand. Initially, too, the new weapons were expensive. The capital requirements were beyond the resources of the small baron, who had money neither to pay for sulphur, saltpeter, bronze, and iron in the quantity the new ordnance demanded, nor the wages of the skilled artisans who cast the cannon and mixed the charge.

The *short-range* effect was thus to destroy the privileges of the baron, without especially increasing the status of the commoner. The chief gainer was the centralizing authority, since the king, with his wider-flung domains and perquisites, could levy, or borrow, the money to create the arms that battered down the baron's walls—and so impose the taxing authority that ultimately gave him a fiscal advantage over his adversary that was an advantage of kind and not merely of degree.

Thus far, the effects of gunpowder were to confirm the polarization of power within the society—to exalt the richest and most powerful, the prince, at the expense of the barons, the villeins, and the townsmen (except as the prince contracted an ancillary alliance with the town against the baron and to obtain new funds). But the *ultimate* effects of the gunpowder revolution were something else again. Cannon and musket, rather, ushered in the age of democracy and revolution, for with the increasing cheapness and efficiency of these weapons they gave proletarian armies new importance and new status, and ultimately the means to topple their old masters—baron *and* prince.

Without gunpowder there could have been no reforming Hussite challenge to the authority of Hapsburgs and Church. There could have been no Naseby, no Yorktown, no Valmy, no Petrograd. The Puritan revolutionaries of 1642, the American revolutionaries of 1775, the French revolutionaries of 1789, and the Russian revolutionaries of 1917 would all have met the fate of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, Mathias Gubic, and the other proletarian rebels against medieval authority whose uniform and melancholy end was to be drawn and quartered or roasted at the stake. It is a profound aphorism that a gun is the great equalizer.

SIMILARLY, the long-range effects of nuclear technology can only be detrimental to the American and the Russian share of power in the world. For like gunpowder war in the later Middle Ages, nuclear war in the twentieth century is equally independent of the "traditional sources, economic and social, of military power as these obtained in the preceding age." And equally, the weapons themselves tend to negate the advantages, chiefly defensive, which traditional wealth and power placed at the disposal of the giant states.

For it was not America and Russia, continental states with vast conventional resources and manpower, able to mobilize millions of men, able to produce aircraft and tanks by the tens of thousands, that needed these exotic weapons to dominate the world, though the short-range effect of possessing them was to increase their military stature. America and Russia would have dominated the world at the war's end, atomic weapons or no. Had they been wise, they would have come to agreement early to avoid the spread of these weapons; but they did not. Their penalty is to see the beginning of a time in which the very category of Great Power is negated by events.

The diffusion of nuclear power will go on unless it is arrested by a kind of weapons-control system which the world has thus far been unable to devise, let alone enforce. China, a state caught up in a kind of paroxysm of hatred, is certainly working to achieve nuclear status, and other states, as we have seen, have the present capacity, if not the will, to do the same. Alas for the prospects of such control, America, Russia, and Britain may agree to nuclear disarmament—for, as we have seen, they have an unspoken common interest in suspending the nuclear race—but that all, or even a majority, of the other present or potential nuclear powers will do so is unlikely in the extreme.

The Russians and we have an interest in suspending the nuclear race; but equally the Russians—and we—have a vested interest in the maintenance of tension, if only because the capacity for war is the last refuge of sovereignty. *They* certainly can only view with suspicion the opening of Russian society to inspections from the West; but the social investment in the continuance of international tension is not theirs alone. In any case, to shortcut the profound political division between East and West and find agreement on this overriding single issue would be a diplomatic feat of epochal proportions. And as new powers achieve atomic, and ultimately thermonuclear, capability, the problems of disarmament grow by a kind of geometric progression. With the diffusion of nuclear weapons the smaller states suffer no such penalty, sheer survival aside, as do America, Russia, and even Great Britain. And here the all-pervasive nuclear incredulity works against survival. For the smaller powers, parity with the giants is a fateful appeal.

As the technology of nuclear weapons and cheap delivery systems (particularly the dispersed solid-fuel rocket) become commonplace, it is difficult to see even how such a control system might work. It is the tech-

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nical problem of control as much as the political that has so afflicted negotiations—and the problem worsens almost daily.

America, Russia, and Britain may seek to exert their failing authority in one last effort to impose a universal atomic disarmament; but the more realistic prospect is the unimpeded dispersal of the means of categorical destruction. The only consolation, and it is a small consolation, is that the very enormity of these weapons has occasioned a revulsion from the idea of war. Even Stalinist Russia, a state given to every nightmare excess, drew back from the ultimate folly. Yet for a China in a virulent xenophobia, for some affronted new state in a paroxysm of outrage, to pull the nuclear lanyard at some unfixed time in the future is always a possibility. But to do so, we must understand, would be an act of total unreason; and there is no certain way in which reason may impose itself on madness. This, perhaps, is the ultimate horror. We cannot plan.

But perhaps to possess a nuclear weapon is to eat of the fruit of the tree of good and evil—to be sobered and appalled. Or, to put the proposition less extravagantly, it is conceivable that by the time a state achieves the technology and industrial plant necessary to sustain a nuclear arsenal, it already has too much to lose to risk war. The final outrage then would become unthinkable. We do not know.

WE ARE unfortunate in that we live in an era in which the offensive has achieved a wholesale dominance; the result, in one Talmudic formulation or another, supported by the American, Russian, and British armed forces and their planning staffs, has been the adoption of the doctrine of mutual annihilation or massive retaliation.

The "graduated deterrence" theories have their proponents, and even official sanction; but no nuclear power so far has behaved as if it believed that these theories were truly consonant with fact. For a state whose essential purposes are peaceful, or *civil,* the economic temptation to rely on nuclear weapons—and massive nuclear weapons—to the detriment of conventional arms is well-nigh irresistible. So the Soviets have slowly swung to the position of John Foster Dulles, which they once so vehemently affected to deplore. Announcing a troop reduction of 1,200,000 men, Premier Khrushchev told the Supreme Soviet in January 1960:

"At a time when our adversaries have not yet discarded even the expression 'positions of strength policy,' why are we, instead of countering strength with strength, taking the course of reducing the army and navy . . . ? Are we not displaying a certain carelessness with respect to the security of our country? . . . The proposed reduction will in no way reduce the firepower of our armed forces, and this is the main thing. . . . The Soviet Army today possesses such combat means and such firepower as no army has ever had before. I stress once again that we already have enough nuclear weapons—atomic and hydrogen—and enough rockets to deliver them to the territory of a possible aggressor, and that if some madmen should cause an attack on our state or on other socialist states, we could literally wipe the country or countries that attack us off the face of the earth."

Yet for a state to rely on the nuclear arsenal as its chief means of war is an act of folly—to accept a kind of paralysis of policy. For nuclear conflict is an absurdity, in the existentialist sense; the Clausewitz doctrine of war—"a carrying out of policy with other means"—has been rendered totally obsolete because the instrument of policy is so hopelessly disproportionate to the end in view.

The ultimate result of nuclear weapons is thus to deprive force of the utility it once had in the relations between nations, leaving atomic states with less *useful* power than they had before. It imposes new inhibitions on politics, that practical art.

There are, after all, two levels of nuclear capacity: the full-scale deterrent systems which Russia and the United States possess, designed to survive an enemy attack and retaliate, and the simple ability to destroy—at whatever retaliatory cost. France today, and tomorrow, may not match Russia in weaponry; but France's nuclear bombs in obsolescent aircraft will soon be able to inflict a grievous, perhaps even a fatal wound on the Soviet Union. And Britain's V-bomber force is almost certainly of such a scale as to be able alone to obliterate the heart of Russia.

Neither Britain nor France may be able to strike after a Russian attack; but their capacity to strike first imposes inhibitions on Russian policy which cannot be underestimated. (For example, this argument of Palmiro Togliatti writing in *Pravda* in answer to Chinese proponents of war against the capitalist West: "Woe to anyone who does not understand the new nature war has acquired. . . . Since both sides have at their disposal these means of destruction, it is impossible for anyone starting a war to know beforehand the consequences to himself in any given case. . . . Let us assume that our country could be hit by the twenty or thirty nuclear charges which would suffice to cause total destruction and transform everything into desert. Would it be possible to build socialism in those conditions? We should be lying to the people if we said that one could bring socialism nearer through war. . . . " It is difficult to see how the Soviets could publish a more candid appraisal of their chances in a nuclear exchange and still cling to a shred of their old messianic convictions.) Indeed, who will say that a Hungarian rebel government which had possessed nuclear rockets in 1956 would not have used them to

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prevent—or apocalyptically to revenge—Russian reconquest?

The result of the spread of nuclear capability to Western Europe has been to end the military threat that existed in Stalin's time—and without reference to the American strategic deterrent. It makes little difference whether, as some Europeans still ask, America would go to war for London or Paris. The British and French would, and, in an age of nuclear horror, that is enough.

It is the Soviet vulnerability to nuclear war, now at last admitted, that has led the Russians to proclaim the doctrine of peaceful competition of the socialist and capitalist systems. The Soviets have passed beyond the point when war is thinkable as an instrument of policy, when the ephemeral prize to be snatched in Middle Europe, South Asia, or the Niger delta is worth the candle. Inhibited as they are by the threat of nuclear annihilation—a threat that hangs over us all—the Russians have sought to develop new tactics. Now it is war that they seek to wage by politics—by essentially traditional means of diplomacy, though a most tough-minded diplomacy, to be sure.

But so far, as we have seen, the new strategists have no special reason to feel encouraged. To collapse the precarious Western position in these regions has proved relatively easy; to gain them has proved to be something else. This, essentially, is the Chinese argument: the Russians have made a great noise in the world since Stalin's death, but there has been little palpable gain. The Chinese demand new and harder measures. The Chinese ideologues are implacable—but naïve. They stand under the sentence of eternity, and do not understand.

That they do not understand is the most portentous fact of our situation. And their taunting pressure on Russia, their ideological reproaches (of zealot to backslider) combined with the inevitable Soviet awakening to the futility of their present policies, may well create a situation of extraordinary danger. The Soviets may be goaded into proving that they *can* win successes, and they may miscalculate the Western response. They may again attempt to resort to that violence which has given them their only real successes.

IT IS not totally beyond man's capacity of reason to deal with what modern weapons have made of our affairs, though whether we will succeed remains unsure. The spectacle of the contemporary world—genuinely apprehended—is enough to reduce the mind to black terror; the reason of man seems a poor counterpoise. Yet the elements of a reasonable policy are not unknown.

Its direction would be to avoid situations in which there is no alternative (save capitulation) to the use—by ourselves or by the Russians—of nuclear weapons. This would first require reversal of the American military trend toward *dependence* upon these weapons. That our forces be prepared to use nuclear arms is one thing, and very necessary; but that by their equipment and doctrine they become incapable of fighting a major action without nuclear weapons is to court the disaster we claim to fear. We require a *choice* of military instruments, whatever the costs in money or in men under arms.

Deeper, though, is the political requirement: that we avoid giving specific conflicts ultimate value. Weapons are chosen according to the issue that is at stake. If national survival is the issue, ultimate weapons will be employed; any disaster is preferable to national extinction, and that is as true for the Russians as for us.

It must be understood, as many do not understand, that this does not require us to acquiesce in every Soviet or Chinese demand that is enforced by a threat of nuclear war. That way lies inevitable disaster; the old lesson of Munich applies. Our responses to Communist challenges should be proportioned to the issues and should leave our opponents an alternative to simple surrender. For true victory in this struggle will lie in checking and frustrating the Russians and the Chinese so effectively as to win that day when their megalomania breaks itself on the rocks of a plural and vivacious world.

The true weakness would be for us to so fail in imagination and sacrifice as to fall back on the kind of threats that we are not really prepared to carry out. We understood this rather better in the early years of the Cold War and we fought on the ground in Korea, settling for a stalemate, and we made a proportionate response to the Berlin Blockade. Our more recent response to renewed Berlin provocations has been in fact a weak one—a generalized threat to invoke nuclear war, a threat that very likely would prove hollow.

We need perspective. Not every political crisis warrants panic; not every seeming defeat means victory for our enemies. We came dangerously close to war over the revolution in Iraq, yet we know now that the Communists were only marginally involved. Today we are investing in the Cuban situation a quantity of shrill emotion wholly out of proportion to the real importance of that small island's affairs. It is we, not the Communists, who give signs of failing nerves. And long ago we lost our humor. There is, after all, a kind of gothic comedy in the spectacle of America locked in political combat with Cuba.

Most of all, in this nuclear age, we need to understand that there *are* alternatives to victory—as we have interpreted victory. For to speak of victory—categorical victory—in such a struggle as ours with the Russians is to reject the meaning of history and politics and to commit our generation and our nation to the one unforgivable sin: the sin of ultimate pride—which is also the sin of despair.

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Town and Country

by ROBERT W. TOBIN

DESPITE the fact that America has become increasingly urbanized over the years, the mores and myths of a more rural, small-town America linger on and exercise a remarkable influence over American thought patterns. Because of the provincial residue, the big city has never been fully accepted into the American cultural scheme. The large metropolis remains a somewhat sinful place, peopled by inhabitants who are not really American in the fullest and purest sense of the word. These city-dwellers, according to the rural myth, are somewhat radical in politics, somewhat libertarian in their personal morality and, most scandalous of all, supremely indifferent to the corruption pervading their environment.

There is something almost pathetic about these lingering convictions, for it becomes increasingly clear that they belong to a bygone era. The future cultural patterns of America will have lesss, not more, of small-town puritanism. The cultural isolation of the American hinterlands is coming to an end, and in the future the social mores of the city and the suburbs are more likely to affect the countryside than vice versa. The change to urban and suburban dominance will not come overnight, obviously, nor will it arrive without considerable nostalgia over our recently departed agrarian past. The Jeffersonian myth dies hard, but it is dying.

Such social conflict will of course, have political repercussions. Large cities have, on occasion, been able to control statewide offices in certain states, but in very few states have large urban areas been accorded a fair representation in state legislatures, a fact which has greatly marred the working of our federal system. Victimized by rural politicians in the state legislatures, large cities have increasingly looked to the federal government for aid. In particular they have shown heavy reliance on the executive branch of the national government, the head of which is chosen by an electoral college system peculiarly weighted in favor of the city voters in the more populous states. The power of the city-dweller in choosing a President atones to some extent for urban underrepresentation in most American legislatures, even Congress itself. However, the whole system is based upon offsetting inequities and becomes more and more unstable as the dwindling rural population clings desperately to its political advantages over the rising metropolitan areas.

The 1960 election tested this delicate political balance and found it very shaky indeed. In the populous states of the Northeast and Middle West the city-dwellers clashed with the outlanders in a struggle which was harrowingly close in at least five states. Huge urban majorities for John Kennedy were virtually matched by a heavy Nixon vote beyond the city limits. Never before in an American Presidential election had the urban-rural cleavage been so sharply illustrated and never before had the battle lines been so clearly drawn. On one side of the line stood an urban horde heavily spiced with Catholics, Jews, Negroes, unionists, intellectual cliques and assorted minority groups —in short, our second-class citizenry. On the other side of the fence stood the representatives of the old-line ethnic groups, those that were heavily Protestant, rural and suburban, relatively prosperous and middle class.

IT IS TRUE, of course, that the city was pitted against the countryside during the New Deal-Fair Deal era, but the battle lines were blurred. While Truman and Roosevelt had considerable urban support, they both came from old-line Protestant stock and were not truly products of a city culture. Their appeal extended into areas of the West and Middle West which would not normally be very friendly toward an urban Catholic candidate. In fact, Roosevelt had made great political capital out of his opposition to New York's Tammany Hall and had played the role of the high-minded country squire righteously indignant over the evils of big-city politics. Truman, despite his Kansas City experiences, was the classic prototype of the small-town Midwesterner. Although Truman and Roosevelt came to rely heavily on the votes of the large urban areas, both men had connections with America's agrarian tradition which made them less objectionable to rural voters than John Kennedy and Al Smith, who were so obviously products of the city.

It is also true that the city was pitted against the

Mr. Tobin, a resident of Florida, appears in The Commonweal for the first time.

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country in 1928, but the circumstances were greatly different from those which prevailed in 1960. For one thing, the challenge of the urban masses to rural hegemony was premature in 1928. The city vote was not as strong percentagewise as it was even a decade later. Negro voters were less significant at the polls, and those who voted tended to vote Republican. The labor movement was weak, and there was little solidarity along class lines. Urban workers who were of northern European background voted Republican, whereas workers belonging to southern European ethnic groups or who were Irish or German Catholics tended to vote Democratic. Moreover, the Democratic party was quite weak as an organization and was no match for the Republicans. Consequently, Al Smith was not able to win a sweeping mandate in the urban areas. He did, however, win many minority blocs to the Democratic party and thereby paved the way for Roosevelt, Truman and Kennedy.

Al Smith was a hero to only part of the urban masses, and he never was able to cut across the ethnic and religious lines which divided the city electorate against itself. In cities like Akron, Detroit and Los Angeles where many migrant Southerners were employed, Al Smith did poorly. In cities like Minneapolis and Chicago where many Scandinavians and German Lutherans were located, Al Smith was unable to win a majority. It took the impact of the Depression to weld the lower-class city voters into a cohesive voting force firmly tied to the New Deal and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It was this increased sense of cohesion, added to superb organization, that so greatly improved Kennedy's city vote over the vote that was received by Al Smith.

It must not be thought, however, that this uprising of urban voters marked a break with the basic bourgeois ideology of the United States. Many of the city voting blocs who formed the New Deal coalition have carried their Democratic voting habits with them on their rise up the social ladder. This is exactly why John Kennedy was so much more formidable than Al Smith as a candidate.

Kennedy had none of the mannerisms which so clearly stamped Al Smith as a man off the city streets. Although Kennedy was weaned on urban politics and had great appeal to the second-class citizens of the large Northern cities, he was also a man of education and refinement who symbolized the aspirations of those craving for bourgeois respectability. Al Smith was a living affront to provincial Protestants and genteel suburbanites. Kennedy, by comparison, could appeal not only to the city electorate but the Westchester commuter as well.

Nevertheless, when the returns finally came in, it was the massive city vote which was the principal factor in Kennedy's victory, and for all his Harvardian veneer, he is still the champion of the city underdog and the man who overcame the barriers erected against the urbanite of recent ethnic origins. So if it may be said that Al Smith paved the way for F. D. R., it also may be said that F. D. R. so awakened the urban masses to an appreciation of their political power that they were able to elect one of their own as President of the United States.

The election of John Kennedy was not merely a triumph over a religious taboo. It was part of a struggle between two value systems. And the victory of Kennedy has paved the way for a reorientation of American thinking in regard to our urban culture. The virtues of small-town rural America, and they are many, must be weighed against such defects as nativism, anti-intellectualism, chauvinism and a perverted Calvinism, all of which have imbedded themselves deeply in American life. The 1960 election marks a huge step toward the elimination of a serious "culture" lag which left an industrialized country with an outdated set of rural mores. Having turned her face to the urban dynamo, America is likely to hanker less and less for the faded charms of Arcadia.

THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING

Dimly luminous, a December twilight
poured across the chapel where he knelt,
scroll in hand. Beyond the latticed window,
and the leafless tree, a cumulus appeared.
"Bury thou must in a cloud of forgetting
all creatures that ever God made."
And slowly evensong of cloistered bells
tolled the Gothic darkness
echoing in timeless memory.
"Between thee and thy Lord it behooves
to abide in a cloud of unknowing."
But soon his Wessex valley seemed
to silver in the eye of a moonrise
he remembered from a garden long ago.
"Not what thou art,
nor what thou hast been,
beholdeth God with His merciful eyes,
but that thou wouldst be."
The years of solitude and Denis'
hid divinity were kind to him;
his *Requiescat* in his bones,
he would not fear to die unchronicled
when in this wheeling world
the peaceful point had long been his.
On nights like this he loved to glimpse
the Northern Cross, the burning rubric
of his timeless book. "By love may He
be gotten and holden, but by thought never."

KEVIN F. DOHERTY, S.J.

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The Church in Algeria

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

EVERYBODY IN Algiers knows of Archbishop Mohammed, the nickname the "blackfeet" or local Frenchmen have given to the Archbishop of Algiers, Léon-Etienne Duval. According to their view the Archbishop has shown such understanding for the Moslems and even for the rebels of the F.L.N. (National Liberation Front) that he deserves the name. The Moslems in Algiers too know of the Archbishop, and many of them believe that if they had dealt with Frenchmen of his brand from the beginning, no war would ever have been necessary.

The attitude of the Church in the tragic conflict in Algeria is little known even to Catholics, blurred as it is by Catholic French extremists of the Left and of the Right. Yet it is the only consistent line in the Algerian chaos, and it may one day prove to have been of the greatest importance. From the beginning, six years ago, the Church has dealt so moderately with the Moslems that it has repeatedly provoked the reactions of the unruly French Right, witness the nickname given to the Archbishop. Again, a book was published by a well-known French rightist jurist, a few years ago, accusing the Vatican of being against French interests in her overseas possessions and, thus, of betraying Western civilization in order to favor native pagans.

French policy in Algeria has changed during the past six years to such an extent that it is hard to recall the original positions with emotional as well as intellectual clarity. And not only France's policy, but even de Gaulle's position since he came into the picture. During this same period, the line of the Church, as expressed by the Archbishop Mohammed Duval and by the French Cardinals, has changed hardly at all. Now de Gaulle's line comes very close to that of the Church and it is as much to the merit of the Archbishop Mohammed and his priests as it is to the merit of the French Army that Sunday, January 8, the day of the referendum, was not transformed into a bloodbath, as most local observers had feared it would be.

This was a reward for the courageous attitude of many priests all over Algeria. For they have been threatened and boycotted by the local rightists often, and on several occasions it was necessary to give them military protection against their own fanatic countrymen. At the time they were accused of being Communist fellow travelers. Now some of them, the admirable Father Scotto, for example, parish priest in one of the "hottest" parishes in Algiers, have been highly praised by the representatives of the government in Paris. Father Scotto did not hesitate to give homeless Moslem women and children shelter in a chapel and he thundered against the hotheads every Sunday in a church packed with indignant listeners.

The sad fact is that among the local French "blackfeet" in Algeria and within the French Army there is a strong political trend which can only be described as Fascism or even national socialism. Some of its representatives honestly and naively seem to be unaware of it; others make no bones about their admiration for Hitler and Marshal Pétain. Among the French landowners, whose ancestors have been in the country for generations, there are people who do not hesitate to describe the Moslem Algerians as an inferior race, a race which cannot be educated and civilized and which understands only one language: the whip. And what gives weight to their words is that they know the local Moslem population better than anyone else and speak Arabic fluently.

Their best "witnesses" are the Europeans who have been compelled to leave Tunisia and Morocco, the neighboring countries which are now independent. They point as well to the refugee camps in Italy, which really do exist, camps where there are herded together Italians who were long ago compelled to leave Tunisia. That's what awaits us, they say. And to indicate how Africa should best be handled, they point to the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, where relatively few troubles have occurred so far, owing, they assert, to a rather rough treatment of the native population, and a stubborn colonialist conservatism.

IN THE ARMY this trend is represented mainly by paratroopers, the crack French troops in Algeria and by the Foreign Legion. The strange thing is that many of these well-trained young warriors are idealists and consider themselves to be the very antithesis of *"blousons noirs,"* the French teddy-boys, whom they regard as degenerate and unmanly. I have met young "paras," not yet twenty years old, who consider their

Mr. Kumlien, of the staff of the *Stockholms-Tidningen*, is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Rome.

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uniform with the same spirit as a newly ordained priest looks upon his sacred vestments. The so called prayer of the paratrooper asking for a difficult life is deeply moving. At the same time these young men may show a shocking brutality and violence, the "liberating violence" which solves all problems. Many of them are as racist as the veteran "blackfeet" and despise profoundly the rebels, referred to as "the niggers." Naturally the Moslems hate and fear them even more than the "blackfeet."

Both the "blackfeet" and the paratroopers consider themselves to be, not backward colonialists, but crusaders against Moscow and Peking, which they see looming behind the rebels and all the new, independent countries of Africa. They simply cannot understand why Archbishop Mohammed does not bless such a crusade. It is useless to try to show them that the Communist danger within the Arab countries has been grossly exaggerated, that, indeed, the human soil in these countries seems somehow not appropriate to Communism. Again and again during the past fifteen years the story has been the same. Arab countries have accepted aid from the Communist world, an outcry has gone up from the West, and the Arab countries remain freer of Communism than does France itself. Neither this fact nor the defeat during the last referendum has changed the attitude of these extremists. They undoubtedly remain a grave potential danger for France, quite independent of Algeria.

The difficult task of the clergy in Algeria is, therefore, to try to save the European population from "the temptation of violence" and at the same time not to lose its good will among the Moslems. This goodwill does undoubtedly exist. The White Fathers, with their deep knowledge of Africa, are considered friends by the rebels and several rebel leaders in jail in France maintain close relations with Catholic priests in Algeria. It is precisely here that a most extraordinary situation has arisen. Never before has a Catholic elite come closer to Islam.

The war has again emphasized the extraordinary and mysterious force of religion, even among people on both sides who proclaim that they do not care for the faith of their fathers. The French population in Algeria is as de-Christianized as the population in France, and the F.L.N. represents a purely secular government, largely conditioned by the secular French formation most of its members have received. Religious indifference predominates on both sides. And yet it is religion and only religion which divides Algeria into two camps, as if by an invisible wall. It divides the French colonists from the Moslems with whom they have played as children and with whom they talk in Arabic dialects; it also divides the Algerian intellectuals from the French intellectuals, in spite of the fact that the Algerian intellectuals have become French in looks and customs and language, to such a point that it is almost impossible to tell the difference. Nowhere else in the world are Catholics and Moslems mingled more intimately than in Algeria, and yet Islam has proved here as elsewhere its extraordinary impenetrability to other religions.

ONLY AMONG the Catholic elite can one measure the enormous distance which has been covered since the French took over in Algeria one hundred thirty years ago. For many French colonists the difference is not great between their situation now, compelled as they may be to quit and to return to France, and the situation of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers who once settled here under the protection of the French Army. They know the Moslems very well indeed and many Moslems are thoroughly Gallicized, but they never met. They bypassed each other.

The situation among the Catholic elite is radically different. One hundred thirty years ago the Redemptorist Fathers had specialized in redeeming Christian slaves being sold in Algeria by the Algerian pirates who infested the Mediterranean at the time. Now Little Brothers and Sisters of Charles de Foucauld live in Algeria sharing the life of the most miserable of the Moslem population. Most of them have remained there during the troubles, when all other Europeans fled from the Moslem neighborhoods, but no harm was done to them. When I visited the new French oil fields in the Sahara, I was surprised to hear how alive the memory of Charles de Foucauld is now, forty-five years after his death as a martyr, as if what had happened to him had happened among both Christians and Moslems.

Nobody can foresee the future. Maybe the Catholic vanguard in Algeria will be persecuted in an independent Algeria. But right now it is closer to the Moslems than any Christians in the world. The F.L.N. does not wish to return to the old traditions of the Algerian people. None of the new nationalistic movements in Africa wishes to. What most of them want is to be like the West. On the other hand there is no sign of a religious revival within Islam, at least not so far. It suffers visibly as a form of life designed for the past, in brutal contact with the Western world. Its passive resistance is still extraordinary. But it is broken by the new nationalistic movements themselves. *They* can attack the religious traditions as none of the colonialist powers would ever have dared to. During the heyday of colonialism, Islam was a form of resistance to the occupant. Now it is an obstacle for the new native rulers.

Will there now be a dialogue at last between Catholicism and a decaying Islam in the country where they have come closer together than anywhere else? If so the merit goes to Archbishop Muhammed and his wonderful team of priests. And maybe, somehow, to Charles de Foucauld.

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THE SCREEN

SPOTS BEFORE YOUR EYES

IN VIEW OF all the fuss about censorship, movie classification and the "adult-films-mean-dirty-films" argument, it is good to be able to report that three new items on our screens are safe enough to send children to alone. They, and you, may or may not be enthusiastic about the pictures, but at least it is unlikely that these three will disturb censors or would-be censors.

Walt Disney and his staff of artists have this time turned up with their best feature-length cartoon in a long, long time—a sophisticated, sentimental affair based on a book by Dodie Smith and called "One Hundred and One Dalmatians." Its cast is headed by two Dalmatians: Pongo, a male who thinks his human pet, a song-writer bachelor, should settle down; and Perdita, a female whose human pet is a very attractive young woman. Pongo sizes up the situation well and plans his strategy. After the weddings, everything goes along fine—until Miss Cruella De Vil, a mean, fur-wearing acquaintance of the humans, who looks like a caricature of the designing and determined Katherine Hepburn in "Suddenly, Last Summer," insists that she wants Perdita's first litter for a Dalmatian coat. When the kindly songwriter and his wife answer a definite "No," Cruella hires a couple of thugs to dognap the fifteen puppies and add them to her collection that will one day be made into her coat of many spots.

Needless to say, this plot has its frightening aspects, but "Dalmatians" is so well done, with a happy mixture of humor, pathos and suspenseful terror, that the film should please both adults and kids. The drawings of dogs and other animals, people and a sort of Currier and Ives wintry English countryside are the best Disney yet and certainly add a lot to the fun and thrills. The last half of the film is taken up with the daring rescue, for which Pongo and Perdita are aided considerably by a group of animals whose "twilight bark" and military maneuvers are delightful burlesques of scores of spy-and-chase movies. Today's parents and youngsters who have had even a smattering of Grimm and Andersen and T.V. won't be too scared by the horror scenes; anyway, the finale's reassuring Dalmatian Plantation with those charming puppies will relax them back to norm.

MOVIE-GOERS who insist on finding hidden meanings beneath the surface of every film may analyze "Gorgo" as an elaborate illustration of a prehistoric Oedipus complex. If they do, however, they are carrying their Freud too far. The King Brothers' picture may have a thing or two to say about mother love among extinct monsters; but the film as a whole is little more than a spectacular fantasy about an enormous monster that should have been extinct eons ago but proves it isn't when it comes to London, throws the people into panic and makes a shambles of the city.

Some of the special effects in this one, as handled by Tom Howard, are quite thrilling, especially the shots of crowds fleeing through the streets as the ugly, gigantic monster lumbers behind them knocking down rows of buildings and such familiar landmarks as the famous Tower Bridge and the Houses of Parliament with Big Ben clanging away. But "Gorgo" is really a rather sleazy affair with a plot that it not too well developed after its mysterious opening, in which shipping partners Bill Travers and William Sylvester capture a repulsive monster off the coast of Ireland.

In spite of the objections of paleontologists, who claim the beast for Ireland, and a little boy (Vincent Winter) whose sympathies are with the huge animal, Travers and Sylvester take their monster to London and turn it into a profitable exhibit. But then the fear of the scientists, who decide Gorgo is only a baby monster, are realized; and sure enough, the mother of this sixty-five-foot baby comes looking for her little fellow.

Unfortunately, Director Eugene Lourie allows his shots of imperiled ships at sea, falling buildings and panicky people to get repetitious, and after a while even panic palls. If "Gorgo" teaches any lesson other than about prehistoric mother love, it is that greedy entrepreneurs shouldn't take monsters to cities like London, especially since the British Admiralty is not prepared to handle such big brutes.

IT IS HARD to figure out what inspired producer Edmund Grainger to remake "Cimarron." Edna Ferber's lengthy and involved novel covering a span of some twenty-five years may have been suitable for the kind of films being turned out in 1931, in the early days of talkies, but now it seems like a plotty old dodo with a plethora of characters and incidents of little interest to our times.

Grainger's new production is good enough, and Glenn Ford and Maria Schell do the best they can with the lead roles first played by Richard Dix and Irene Dunne, but the picture lacks sparkle, and except for the 1889 Oklahoma land rush scenes, which are magnificently photographed, the episodic story drags on and on. Perhaps it would have been wise for scriptwriter Arnold Schulman to rewrite the Ferber opus completely, expanding the first part with its engrossing themes involving the idealistic newspaper editor (Ford) and his more practical young wife (Maria

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Schell) with the wide variety of settlers who become their friends and neighbors in the Territory, and dropping the episodes in this century after Yancey walks out on Sabra.

"Cimarron" has plenty of good actors in its cast (Arthur O'Connell, Anne Baxter, Robert Keith, Mercedes McCambridge, Harry Morgan, David Opatoshu, Charles McGraw, Aline MacMahon, and many others), but most of their roles are rather skimpy; one longs for more depth to the characterizations. Although young viewers may get a feeling of history and of the country's expansion from "Cimarron," a well-made film about this period should give them more. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

HONORABLE SENTIMENTS

MR. TAD MOSEL'S refashioning to the stage of *A Death in the Family,* the Agee ceremonial of mortality brought by time and grief to the shape of the cross, has provoked these past weeks a reverberating stir in what, with rather touching pathos, we sometimes fancy as the theater-minded public. Redeemed from discard by one of those capricious reversals of interest which are the torment and delight of Broadway, it has gone on to bask in a kind of honorific glow, to become the rallying banner in a crusade, not untouched by notoriety, and laying claim to a certain nobility of theme, involvement in significant experience, superiority to the cross, the transient merely, or diverting. "All the Way Home" has been translated, that is, to the status of an object of moral virtue —not an unprecedented phenomenon in American theatrical history—and as such will doubtless have its place in the folklore of aesthetic propaganda.

Yet conceding the good will, the talent and energy and fervor which have gone into the establishment of the play and its *ambiance,* I must confess that "All the Way Home" seems to me a work difficult to get into any enriching critical perspective, and as a theater event to come off quite mildly indeed. I have written elsewhere of the grieving gallantry of the Agee novel, of its thirst of wonder and delicate yet imperious aspiration to redeem the ordinary, and I could not, did even I wish, add anything to that homage. Yet neither does "All the Way Home": it simply makes a dilute substance more accessible, not without honor, it is true, but still with no significant distinction. Academically, I might observe that the novel's trajectory is wholly lyric, that it resists the dramatic form Mr. Mosel must seek to impose on it. As a theater critic, I should note the evening's moments of poignance and charm, and the occasion it gives to its players to create, under Mr. Arthur Penn's characteristically muted direction, a notable array of effects.

Yet as a work of the verbal imagination—one might conceive it otherwise, as dance perhaps—"All the Way Home" feeds most where least it satisfies: rooted, to alter the image, in the shadow of that novel which is its end and its beginning, and lacking, hence, the fundamental necessity of any *mastering* event in theater. What it permits, as do so many objects of moral virtue in our culture, is again the discharge of wholly honorable but unexamined sentiments. I always find this latter spectacle at once a little melancholy and a little trivial. Doubtless it serves some purposes, though hardly those of art; it is difficult to imagine such energies being summoned for Sophocles or Molière. *(At the Belasco.)* RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

PUERTO RICAN PASTORAL

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: I am sorry that I have only now come across the December 2nd issue of The Commonweal containing a letter by John G. Deedy, Jr., editor of the *Pittsburgh Catholic,* on the subject of the Puerto Rican Bishops' pastoral letter.

During the 1960 campaign in Puerto Rico I was privileged to be employed by the Popular Democratic Party and to participate in the campaign as secretary of the Supporters of Commonwealth Status. As I am a Catholic the issues raised by the pastoral letter were of more than theoretical interest for me. Even less so were these issues theoretical for thousands of Puerto Ricans who were pressed to make a choice between their political beliefs and those of their Bishops. Obviously this does not argue for those who agreed with the Bishops' action or for those who disagreed. But when we discuss the issue in the States I hope it will be kept in mind that in Puerto Rico it caused sincere men on both sides considerable personal anguish.

The theoretical questions that were raised are nonetheless important. Mr. Deedy was quite correct in pointing out that the political and constitutional nature of Puerto Rico must be taken into account if one wished to form a valid judgment on the propriety of the Bishops' actions. Unfortunately, he demonstrated his point by a series of assertions about the Puerto Rican government that were not only uncomplimentary but utterly false. Until a more complete report on the entire issue is forthcoming I would like at least to clear up any confusion that may have been caused by this misrepresentation of Puerto Rico's status.

Puerto Rico is not, as Mr. Deedy repeatedly states,

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an American territory. It is a Commonwealth or *Estado Libre Asociado*: Free Associated State. Any recent reference book would have allayed Mr. Deedy's worry that there is something undemocratic about this status. He informs us: "But your (i.e. The Commonweal's) premise appeared to be the same as everyone else's: that is, that the Puerto Ricans are living under the Federal Constitution. They are not!" The Commonweal's premise was, of course, correct. To quote a recent college textbook in government:

"In 1950 Congress authorized the Puerto Ricans to draw up their own constitution. After Congress deleted a provision dealing with economic and social rights, this constitution was approved, signed by the President, and became the basic charter of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. This constitution established a form of government much like that of our states. Although Puerto Ricans may amend their constitution without submitting the changes to Congress, and are considered by the United Nations to be self-governing, their constitution and laws are subordinate to the national Constitution and the applicable federal laws."

Mr. Deedy goes on to write: "Thus, with its own constitution, the Puerto Rican government is enabled to trespass on civil liberties and institute policies not merely repugnant to the peoples of the territory (sic) governed, but foreign to much of what is taken for granted in any of the fifty states and in any other U.S. territory. . . . I sympathize with a people who are required to live under a constitution which allows the government such broad determining powers in basic moral issues as birth control, sterilization, released time, etc."

Civil liberties are certainly guaranteed by the Puerto Rican constitution and, of course, by the Federal Constitution to which it is, as we have seen, subordinate. If any civil liberties are being trespassed upon in Puerto Rico this is being done unconstitutionally. The Puerto Rican government, and any state government, *may* be acting illegally and improperly just as any man *may* be a wife-beater. But to state the possibility of wrong-doing in such a context is obviously meant to imply that this is actually the case, since Mr. Deedy gives his misinformation about the constitution of Puerto Rico as reasons for his sympathy with the Bishops' action. I can only point out that even the opposition to the Popular Democratic Party has not to my knowledge charged any infringements of civil liberties. And I doubt that any reader will accept an imputation of this kind against the Puerto Rican government when it is so obviously innocent of any factual basis.

On the second point I have to agree with Mr. Deedy. The Puerto Rican constitution does not forbid the government to institute "repugnant" policies. Nor does it forbid the government to institute any policy that happens to be foreign to any or all of the fifty states. And I don't see how it could forbid the government to make any legislation in the areas of the "basic moral issues" like released time that Mr. Deedy mentions, as there would have to be a law that you couldn't make any laws on these subjects. (The birth control legislation, incidentally, was passed in 1937, one year before the foundation of the Popular Democratic Party, when Puerto Rico was an unincorporated territory. Any changes may be made through the normal democratic processes.) I guess the idea here is that regular elections and public opinion might not discourage a government from foolish policies but would certainly inhibit repugnant policies. And I am not at all disturbed that, within the context of the Federal Constitution, states and the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico may direct their internal affairs without consulting one another. Nebraska's unicameral legislature is foreign to all the states but I would not ask that any other state be allowed to annul that provision.

Any reader who follows up Mr. Deedy's suggestion of examining the role of government in Puerto Rico *will* come across "startling surprises." (Need I mention that any reader who visits Puerto Rico will find the island very pleasant and very beautiful?) The story of Puerto Rico's economic development, Operation Bootstrap, is very nearly as inspiring and impressive as the most imaginative publicity agent would claim. The political development from colonialism to self-government within the American system, equally so. He would learn of the thousands of students, government officials and professional people from the increasingly important areas of Africa, Asia and Latin America who come to Puerto Rico each year and leave with praise not only for the economic development but more especially for the model democracy.

To this end I would be happy to answer personally any inquiries about Puerto Rico—the constitution and government, the Bishop's Pastoral, travel information —and if possible provide documents on the subject. I cannot speak for everyone's reaction to Puerto Rico but I know that my own is far from untypical. My previous visits and fourteen month's residence on the island left me profoundly impressed with the integrity of the government, the dignity and virtue of the people. But I am more thankful still to Puerto Rico, its government and people, for something that was not so easy to come by in 1960: a basis for a hope that our democratic ideals may yet be found pertinent by other peoples and other times. BENJAMIN ADAMS.

REPLY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: We are, of course, now debating the Puerto Rican question out of time

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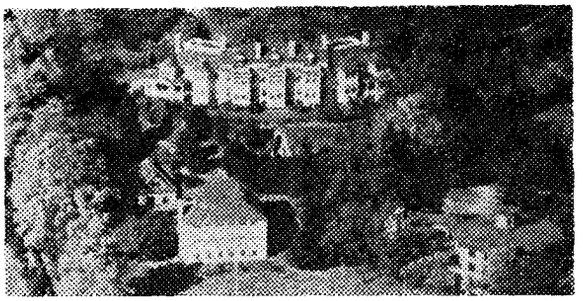

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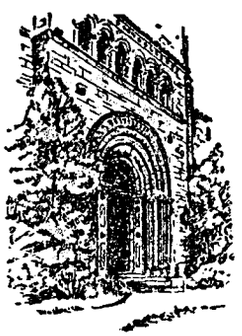

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context from the events which charged the controversy centering about the Bishops and the Popular Democratic Party with significance both for the people of Puerto Rico and those of the 50 States. Hence, it is important to recall the primary purpose of my original correspondence to The Commonweal, which was to emphasize that Puerto Rico "enjoys a governmental status unique under the American flag" (a matter I failed to see noted in any of the voluminous reports dealing with the voting controversy), and that one should therefore be "guarded in evaluating the situation in Puerto Rico by mere American logic."

Whatever the semantics involved in my use of the words "Federal" and "territory," I find my caution as valid today as it was last Fall, and, in point of fact, strengthened rather than weakened by Mr. Adams' letter.

Mr. Adams describes the status of Puerto Rico as a commonwealth or free associated state. Technically, as he states, its constitution and laws are subordinate to Federal laws. However, to what degree is a question not always easily answered and one that is in constant dispute in the courts. For instance, does the interstate commerce clause of the Federal Constitution apply to Puerto Rico? A Puerto Rican court has ruled that it does not.

For evidence of the mute legal points which surround the U.S.-Puerto Rican relationship, one need only refer to a footnote in the *United States Code Annotated,* Title 48, which contains this paragraph: "Section 731b et seq. of this title relating to organization of Puerto Rican government and the Federal Relations Act incorporated therein and the Puerto Rican Constitution established a compact between Puerto Rican people and the United States and create (sic) a new relationship between them, as a result of which Congress cannot amend the Puerto Rican Constitution and both parties must consent to amendment of such Acts, and *as a further result of which Puerto Rico is no longer a possession, territory or dependency but enjoys self-government which is no longer a Federal Government agency exercising delegated power.* Mora v Torres; D. C. Puerto Rico, 1953, 113; F. Supp. 309, affirmed 206 F. 2d 377." (Emphasis mine.)

Puerto Rico's autonomy is likewise attested to by its recognition by the United Nations as self-governing.

What does all this mean? So far as I can see it means precisely that we in the United States cannot evaluate events there, as we did last October and November, as though they were taking place in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania or the State of Rhode Island. Puerto Rico is a special case and most of what happens there should be judged within the framework of its unique political setting. Certainly the action of the Puerto Rican Bishops should be so judged.

JOHN G. DEEDY, JR.

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The Concept of Religious Pluralism

TOLERATION AND THE REFORMATION. By Joseph Lecler, S.J. Association Press. 2 vols. $25.

By GEORGE H. TAVARD

FATHER LECLER, professor at the Catholic Institute of Paris, has written the first history of the Reformation from the standpoint of the notion of religious tolerance. There were already partial studies of tolerance in the sixteenth century, especially those of Professor Roland Bainton, of Yale; but no comprehensive investigation had been made. Previous histories of the Reformation usually stressed the intolerance of the times, as exhibited both by Catholics and by Protestants, and Lecler's special merit consists in having painstakingly sought for evidences of a nascent spirit of mutual toleration at the very time when divided Christians were fighting each other.

Preceding his inquiries into the sixteenth century by an outline of previous attitudes to tolerance, Father Lecler shows that the patristic and medieval reactions to error and heresy were not constant. When Priscillian, Bishop of Avila, was put to death in 386 for the crime of "magic and immorality," the indignation of the bishops was nearly universal; yet St. Augustine himself endowed Christian Emperors with a right and duty to restrain schism and heresy. The Middle Ages were agreed on the lawful repression of heresy, conceived as subversive of the religious, moral and social order. The forced baptism of the Saxons by Charlemagne, crusades against the Moslems in the East and in Spain, and the crusade aganst the Albigensians were instances of the use of the sword for the extension or protection of the faith. Yet if St. Thomas agreed that Christian heretics deserve the death penalty, he totally condemned the use of violence to convert Jews, Moslems or pagans.

The Humanists of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were, in this field, pioneers. But medieval conceptions lingered on, and in general the main Reformers differed in no way from most Catholics in their opinion that obstinate heretics must die. Luther objected to this at first, but adverse circumstances led him to judge that at least the Anabaptists must be pursued with fire and the sword. Calvin never entertained a doubt about it.

Yet there were liberal minds among both Protestants and Catholics. Joseph Lecler has patiently read the polemical and theological literature where tokens of tolerance appear. Appeals to clemency and more or less clear assertions of the duty of tolerance were made by Catholics like George Witzel, by Reformers like Sebastian Castellio and by some of the small Anabaptist groups. They were helped by the policy of conciliation of the Emperors Charles V, Ferdinand and Maximilian II. In France a form of mutual tolerance was made law by the Edict of Nantes in 1598. In Poland it inspired the most liberal statute of the times, the "Confederation of Warsaw" (1573) and it was fervently protected by the Catholic king Stephen Bathory. The country where religious toleration met with the greatest obstacles was England, under the successive regimes of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary Tudor and Elizabeth; in their differing faiths, they all totally associated the Church and the State, thus prolonging a medieval state of things that was disappearing faster on the Continent.

Since he has looked at the problem from the point of view of historical scholarship, Father Lecler has refrained from giving opinions and forming theories about tolerance. Yet his book constitutes a major contribution to the incipient dialogue between the heirs of men who killed each other. The history of how the concept of religious pluralism came to be accepted in Europe should be basic to a discussion of this concept in the different context of modern America. This book should help the growing mutual tolerance of rival Christian groups to find a deeper foundation than the mere necessity of coexistence for survival.

O'Connor's Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE'S PROGRESS. By Frank O'Connor. World. $3.50.

By MAX COSMAN

WHEN A man gives us a study of so notable a subject, it is but sensible to look to his credentials. The examination presupposes neither a judgment of brashness on his part nor an unwillingness on ours to be enlightened further. What it does indicate is a realization that the value of a work of this kind is very much related to its author's equipment for it.

Frank O'Connor—born Michael O'Donovan, he gave up the name for politic reasons back in his early twenties—shows up well under scrutiny. His general patent for his task, obviously, is his own creative career. A distinguished one, it is marked by a precocity which at the age of twelve bade him collect his own poems, biographies, and essays, and by a solidity of achievement later on which gained him a rare encomium from Yeats to the effect that he was "doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia."

There are, of course, grounds more relative to an assessment of Mr. O'Connor's validity for the job he has done. To start with, he is a poet himself and can point out the undergraduate play or ingenuity of Shakespeare in lines like "Beguiled, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain" and "Come Montague for thou art early up to see thy son and heir now early down" as well as the beauty, the felicity not only of bravura passages but of delicate ones like that which begins with "O speak again bright angel."

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A playwright and one-time manager of the famous Abbey Theatre to boot, he can also bring to our attention the skilful cutting in of the subplot in "The Comedy of Errors" or deplore the technical trouble with "Othello" in a brilliant aperçu like this: "It is high tragedy based on the scenario of a comic opera." Or he can bear witness to the pertinence of Shakespeare's escape from the limitations of the folk theatre in, say, "Troilus and Cressida" and offer the practical advice to a would-be producer of "Antony and Cleopatra" "to look after the comedy and let the tragedy look after itself—as it will."

No less a practicing critic (*vide* his *Mirror in the Roadway*) he can go beyond the conventional in discussion, commenting on the Falstaff, the Antonio, the Shylock in Shakespeare, and, directing himself strictly to the conventional in scholarship, offer provocative evidence in behalf of Shakespeare's authorship of "Edward III" or of his having had a leading rather than inferior role as actor in his day or even of his having bowed to non-literary considerations in a play like "Hamlet."

Still acting on the principle that we wrong our capacity for imaginative projection if we are afraid to exercise it, he can speak out boldly on unconventional matters too. The light and shade involved in the Elizabethan usage of the formal second-person plural and the intimate second-person singular becomes meaningful as he explores it. "Half the fun of Malvolio's advances to Olivia," reads the argument, "is in the fact that he 'thous' her." Alien passages in the canon fall likewise into a pattern as he analyzes them. By the time he is finished, he has quite convinced us that a particular hack did have a hand in marring plays so far apart in dramatic rank as "Macbeth" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

These many details and more in Mr. O'Connor's favor make the question inevitable: Is he successful in the book as a whole? The answer is unqualifiedly Yes. Pointillistically, as it were, he brings before us not Milton's child of fancy, nor Johnson's man this side of idolatry—he is too much in the tradition of Lytton Strachey for the one or the other—but a human being compact of experience, obsession, casuistry, stoicism, mimicry, and creative reach, yet not apart from a historic time and place as stirring as any known.

Does this mean, then, that we have the definitive Shakespeare at last? Heaven forbid that one who abides so many of our questions should ever be caught up and shorn of his mysteries! No, what we have here, just as we have G. Wilson Knight's Shakespeare or D. A. Traversi's Shakespeare, John Dover Wilson's Shakespeare or G. B. Harrison's Shakespeare, is Mr. O'Connor's Shakespeare. He is a warm and convincing Shakespeare, precisely the sort that would be discovered by a man who has gusto to temper independence and knowledgeableness to qualify poetic realism.

Shakespeare's Progress, published in somewhat different form in 1948 as *The Road to Stratford,* should give pleasure to groundlings and gentry alike.

Few Facts, Many Values

SUMMONED BY BELLS. By John Betjeman. Houghton-Mifflin. $3.

By BETTE RICHART

IN THE current issue of the *Atlantic* an anonymous writer refers to John Betjeman as a "middle-brow" writer. In a recent *Encounter,* Irving Kristol reminds us that the word "high-brow" was coined by Van Wyck Brooks as a term of opprobrium, though its meaning included what most of us think of as literary integrity: one who guards a continuing tradition of culture.

If these terms are to retain any validity at all for us (and I think they do) I claim for Mr. Betjeman the modest but pure honor of being a high-brow. Perhaps Anonymous was misled by the fact that the middle class produced this quaintly baroque poet and eulogist of a vanished architecture—but then it produced Jane Austen too. Obviously the depth of one's class is irrelevant to the depth of one's brow.

Autobiography at its best is an English thing, and if a poet writes as Laurie Lee does, for instance, one senses a rare life and a rare book after a mere page or two of prose, and after a few more pages one thinks that poetry is, perhaps, expendable. But Mr. Betjeman has written *his* autobiography in fairest poesie, and in my glow of enthusiasm, I have even wondered whether anyone has ever said so much in so few pages.

The facts of his life are few and typical: an only child of doting parents, he discovered poetry and sex rather early, refused to pursue the family business, didn't do well in school either, was consistently a wistful disproof of the theory of compensation. "I was a poet. That was why I failed," he explains without phony apology. And for good poets, what is there that can succeed like failure!

Betjeman is not afraid of speaking verities without irony: an essential manifestation of courage. He speaks of early love and religion (or lack of it) with similar skeptical tenderness: did not love supply him with the germinal images of art? did not religion teach him something about architecture? Alas, he wishes it might have been the other way 'round, but it never was.

The brief passage on Sir Maurice Bowra ("The learning lightly worn, the grand contempt for pedants, traitors and pretentiousness") tells us inadvertently what a few people somewhere, with or without brows, must try to revive, since no one can preserve what is so rapidly expiring.

"True values there were handed
on a plate
As easily as sprouts and
aubergines:

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"A very able man." "But what's he like?"
"I've told you. He's a very able man."

Doesn't offer much comfort to indifference, to laziness, Greek doesn't. One must learn love to master its disciplines.

The wonder is, in a life like Betjeman's, that facts are few, but values proliferate, so that the fruits of every season appear to be flourishing on every tree at once. Speaking of his early attempts at poetry, he says "The gap between my feelings and my skill was so immense I wonder I went on." As my grandmother used to exclaim in times of unusual stress (and there was always stress enough in those days) "Thank God for small favors!"

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Fiction for the Gullible

MOUNTAIN WITHOUT STARS. By Maurice Zermatten. Translated by Salvator Attanasio. Helicon. $3.95

By ALICE ELLEN MAYHEW

MAURICE ZERMATTEN, who won the *Prix International* for the *Fountain of Arethusa,* a cursory and simplistic view of the moral struggle, also came up winner of the *Prix International Catholique* for *Mountain Without Stars,* an even more bewildering exposition that purports to be a profound study of the forces of good and evil in the (one is led to believe) tradition of Bernanos and Mauriac. The book jacket advises that, "if this book should encourage the clergy to ponder anew their awful responsibilities, certainly it leaves no room for complacency among the laity." It certainly doesn't leave room for any complacency about the pretentiousness of so many "religious" novels which find an easily impressed audience, both generally and in award panels, by throwing around primitive prose, inspirational invocations, and simulated spiritual wrestling matches.

Mountain Without Stars offers a potpourri of characters who are never explained or understood; a few bleedingly sensitive souls, a couple of madmen, some bogus religious sentimentality, sacrilege, and a population (with whom the reader is obviously supposed to identify) of the most gullible fellows I have ever come upon. It pretends to mix all this up in a terrible struggle of sin-pride-grace. One is expected to hear the eerie and impressive sounds of the metaphysical primeval forces let loose by a few saints and sinners fighting over some wonderfully moronic souls, a whole town's population, who can't make up their minds whether to feel important or to panic at the prospect. By virtue of their stupidity they should all literally be immobile but, as the book itself, they flail about, fighting and expostulating on all fronts, committed on none.

Two small towns in the French Alps, traditional enemies, share the same church which is presided over by Curé Fornare ("a poor creature of mud and wretchedness like us all") whose single lucid act is to abandon the rectory and church building which are in the path of an imminent avalanche. With these passionate words, he announces his decision to a shocked audience: "I hope that my absence will not be prolonged. It is motivated by the deplorable physical condition your church occupies. You will understand. . . ." That much is comprehensible. Most of the subsequent events are mindless. For unexplained reasons, he removes himself from both towns over which he has authority and takes refuge with the Curé of Gravelon. The mayor of one of the abandoned towns, Sassen, the one that faces isolation by the landslide, who hates the *curé,* and despises the twin village of Albinen which had long ago rejected him as its mayor, is overcome with the pain of the blow to Sassen's prestige by the move of the *curé.* "Now it is clear," he says, "He will take the Blessed Sacrament to Albinen. He will place it in the Albinen chapel. Every morning he'll climb up the hill to say Mass in Albinen. As for us, we just don't count."

From there on in it isn't difficult for Tridonane, the mayor of Sassen, whose motives seem always more civil and/or mad than moral and/or immoral, to rule his imbecilic crew. After the snow has crashed down, he persuades them not to dig out the road. When they grow restive because it is Lent and they have no priest to say Mass, he digs up an old mountain hag who had spent fifty years in the convent, and seventy lusting after His Honor, and he persuades her to act as priestess. Mad old Adele, as she is known in that region, consents. "I am ashes," she tells the mayor's daughter, who is understandably disturbed, "but, on the eve of death, I am still ready to do anything for his sake, ready for anything." To the girl, "the old

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woman seems to come from beyond the grave. It was as if each word was encompassed with a mourning band." Evidently the rest of the town was just as easily convinced. Anyway, except for Cecile, the daughter, who runs back and forth from town to town, warning the hierarchy and trying to see or not to see (I'm not sure) her erstwhile lover, they're all bored just sitting around in the café all day. Tridonane announces, " 'Here is our new *curé,* now. . . .' He pointed to the old Nun. Nobody smiled at the idea. Adele suddenly seemed to grow taller."

The rest of the book beggars description. The responsible *curé* sits sullenly on in Gravelon, and all the local clergy worry, while the whole community is plunged into scandalous sacrilege. Why? "I needed time to think things over," Curé Fornare explains. "I didn't wish to be influenced by any in the task which is now mine—to reconstruct the church." The issue, it appears, is the location of the new church. Nearer to Sassen or to the hated Albinen? The *curé's* decision is unacceptable to Tridonane. He decides that the priest shall not be permitted to return. When the priestess falls mad, however, at the *mea culpa* of the Easter Mass, he imports a heretical German priest for the restless natives. When the Bishop orders Tridonane to submit, he refuses, and the town is excommunicated. Now they really begin to get cold feet. On top of that, there are two violent deaths: some spirits come to haunt with mysterious voices; the old Nun is roaming around suggesting, "You are damned. . . . You are damned." Just as everyone is unnerved enough to beat up the German and throw him out, and submit to ecclesiastical authority, the Bishop surrenders his perogative to Tridonane, sick and crazy by now, and replaces Curé Fornare with a saintly young priest who talks a lot about his unworthiness and theologically complicated thoughts, but whose face is so ascetic that, believe it or not, it is enough to restore the faith of the town at first, and far, glance, as he trudges up the mountain path. "Everything," the author depressingly concludes, "would be as before." One more view: that of Tridonane who smiles in triumph.

The translation is into overstuffed English hack.

Who, I would like to know, is responsible for the *Prix International Catholique* (1959)?

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Father George H. Tavard, a member of the faculty at Mount Mercy College in Pittsburgh, is the author of *Holy Writ or Holy Church,* among other books.

Max Cosman, a regular contributor, writes for a number of American critical and scholarly journals.

Bette Richart is a frequent contributor of articles and reviews.

Alice Ellen Mayhew, a member of the staff of a New York publishing house, has recently returned from a long stay in France.

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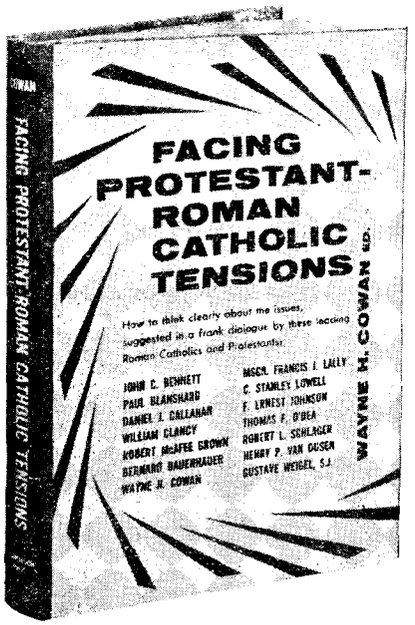

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